

## When a secret isn't really secret

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# When a secret isn't really secret

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## Summary

Yukito is sleeping over at Touya's, and has a very enlightening late night conversation with Fujitaka.

Or maybe a better summary is: Yukito thinks Fujitaka doesn't know about him and Touya. He's wrong.

It was well past midnight and Yukito's stomach was grumbling.

He'd tried to ignore it. He had no desire to get up, but he could tell that he wouldn't be able to go back to sleep until he'd eaten something. He was no longer ravenously hungry all the time, but he had a more than healthy appetite, and he knew himself well enough.

And so, Yukito gingerly extricated himself from the warm comfort of Touya's arms and bed. Touya stirred at the movement, blearily opening his eyes.

"Yuki?"

This was partly why Yukito hadn't wanted to get up. He knew Touya was too attuned to him to not be disturbed by him leaving.

Yukito leaned down and brushed his lips over Touya's. "Just going to get something to eat. Go back to sleep, To-ya."

Touya turned on his side, burrowing into the blankets. "Don't take too long." He mumbled, his voice thick with sleep.

Yukito pulled on his pajama pants and headed downstairs.

University entrance exams were fast approaching, and Touya and Yukito were now spending most of their free time studying for them. They had come home to Touya's house today to do that, and found notes from both Touya's father, Fujitaka, and Sakura, saying neither would be home tonight. Sakura was sleeping over at her friend Tomoyo's, and Fujitaka was preparing a presentation, and didn't think he could make it home.

And so, after studying, dinner, and then more studying, Touya had given Yukito that lop-sided smile that still made his pulse race.

"You're not planning to leave me to sleep all alone, are you?"

And Yukito had stayed.

Not that there was anything remarkable about it; at this point, he actually had a pair of pajamas permanently at the Kinomoto home. Regardless, it had been nice, having the house to themselves. Not having to worry about not making noise.

Yukito didn't turn on any lights until he reached the kitchen. He fished around in the fridge and found some leftover cake, he seemed

to remember Sakura had baked it a couple of days ago. He served himself a slice and a glass of milk, and sat at the table to eat, with his back coincidentally to the door.

Which explained why he didn't notice Fujitaka's presence, until Touya's father spoke up.

"Oh, Tsukishiro, hello!"

Yukito jerked up, banging his knee painfully on the table.

"Mr. Kinomoto! I'm sorry, I didn't... we didn't realize... the note said you wouldn't be home," Yukito winced at the agitation in his own voice.

Fujitaka smiled easily, motioning Yukito to stay in his seat. "I got more work done than anticipated, and decided I'd rather sleep in my own home than on a couch in my office."

"Oh," Yukito said, feeling his mind go completely blank.

"I didn't realize you were spending the night, Touya didn't mention anything." Fujitaka said, not unkindly, as he served himself a glass of water.

"I... it was spur of the moment. We studied until it was really too late for me to go home." Yukito could feel his cheeks flaming and was glad for the single, dim light.

It wasn't that Yukito wasn't always made to feel welcome with Touya's family, and it wasn't even that he hadn't slept over when Touya's father was away, long before he and Touya became more than friends, in fact. It was just... he hadn't bothered putting on more than his pajama bottoms and his hair was a mess and, really, Fujitaka couldn't really *miss* that could he?

Yukito looked down. "Touya should have asked, I'm sorry."

Fujitaka leaned back against the kitchen counter, drinking his glass of water. "Oh, it's perfectly all right. You have a standing invitation to our home. I appreciate you studying with Touya, he's always been an excellent student, but it is hard to juggle the time, with his part time jobs. Studying with you is very helpful for him."

Yukito folded his arms across his chest, feeling distinctly uncomfortable, self-conscious and horribly guilty.

“And more importantly,” Fujitaka continued conversationally. “You make him happy. He’s opened up so much since you two met, and even more since you’ve been together.”

“Ehh?” Yukito’s head shot up. He could feel the blush spread down his neck and chest.

Fujitaka regarded him frankly for a moment, his expression very reminiscent of Touya’s teasing smile.

“Oh, don’t tell me you didn’t know I knew?”

Yukito swallowed hard. He could only shake his head in response.

“I’ve known how you two feel about each other for quite some time, Tsukishiro,” Fujitaka said gently.

“He told you?”

“Not in so many words, no,” Fujitaka laughed. “But I know my son, I could tell he liked you from the start. And while he hasn’t explicitly confirmed it, he and I understand each other. He’s never tried to hide it from me.”

Fujitaka turned to rinse his glass of water, diplomatically giving Yukito a chance to absorb his words.

“And you don’t mind that I... I mean, that we...” Yukito felt his face grow hot again.

“That you spend the night with him? Of course not. Like I said, you’re good for him.”

Yukito looked back down at his half eaten plate of cake. He was going to kill Touya. He really was.

Fujitaka briefly placed a reassuring hand on Yukito’s shoulder as he passed. “I’m sorry I startled you, but I’m glad we had a chance to talk.” He patted Yukito’s shoulder and left the kitchen.

Yukito stayed down there, trying to process what had just happened. Eventually, he finished his cake.

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When he went back upstairs, he found Touya still asleep, facing the wall. With an exasperated sigh, Yukito got back in bed behind him.

“I wish you’d told me,” he murmured, placing a kiss against the back of his shoulder.

Touya didn’t wake up, but he turned around to face Yukito, draping his arm around Yukito’s waist. Yukito snuggled closer against him, tucking his head under Touya’s chin.

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